

to get money out of that congregation, yas sah!—Exchange.

There is a story told of Oscar Wilde that may be a chestnut, but I am going to spring it. In the height of his fame Oscar was the guest of honor at a week-end party in a famous English country house. The first day he kept to his room from morning till night fall. When he came down to dinner he was immediately surrounded by gushing females.

"Oh, Mr. Wilde," exclaimed one of them, "tell us what you have been doing all day."

"I have been at work upon a poem," said Oscar.

"A poem!" cried Miss Gush. "How fascinating! And did you accomplish much?"

"Well, I accomplished a good deal during the morning," was the grave reply. "I took out a comma."

"How perfectly lovely," said Miss Gush. "And what did you do during the afternoon?"

"I put it back again," said Oscar.

I am reminded of this story by a letter published with the new de luxe edition of "The Man with the Hoe." It is a letter addressed to Albert M. Bender of the Book Club by Markham. He writes:

After all these years I am having the hardihood to change a word in my poem, "The Man with the Hoe." In the last line of the second stanza, I am changing "menace" to "danger."—Town Talk.

The Bride-to-Be—My only worry is about mother. She's bound to miss me terribly.

Friend of the Family—Ah, well, she can't complain. After all, she's had you longer than most mothers keep their daughters.—Sydney Bulletin.

Agent—Is the boss of the house in? Proud Father—Yes; he's asleep up stairs in his cradle.—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

Patience—I see 60,000 women in

London were thrown out of work by the war.

Patrice—Oh, did the war stop bridge whist—Yonkers Statesman.

"Life has one recompense."

"Well?"

"One coat of tan is just as stylish as another."—Judge.

"Gee, I'd like a square meal just once."

"What's the matter? Aren't you getting enough to eat at home?"

"No. You see, the doctor's put Pa on a diet and the rest of the family has to starve to keep Pa out of temptation."—Detroit Free Press.

"Lend me five, Bob, will you, old chap?"

"Haven't got it. But I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll lend you the five shilling I lent Dobbs over a year ago if you can collect it."—Pearson's Weekly.

"Some of the girls on the border are kissing the soldiers," said the hotel clerk.

"Cut out that talk," said the proprietor. "Do you want to make the girls around here discontented?"

A WISH

I wish I was a submarine,
That I might thusly be
Throughout these wild, exciting times
A deep, dark mystery;
That friends and foes—most special,
friends—

Might swing on to the bat,
But never make a hit in this:
To know where I was at.

I wish I was a submarine
To swim beneath the sea,
And feel no touch of summer heat,
Nor its humidity,
And get away from all the ills
The heated season brings,
From packing trunks, vacation trips,
Mosquitoes, fleas and things.

I wish I was a submarine,
To have a place to hide,
Where none could see and none could
hear,
And troubles would all slide.
Where bill collectors could not come,
Nor relatives run down.



MRS. LILY LANGTRY, LADY DE BATHE, THE FAMOUS "JERSEY LILY," WHO IS COMING TO THE ORPHEUM THEATRE ON OCTOBER 11 IN HER NEW PLAY "ASHES"

Ah, that's the life—the only one—
To make one's sorrows drown.
—Baltimore American.

"Bliggins always agrees with anything I say."

"Yes. It's his way of intimating sufficiently important to be worthy of an argument."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Wilkins—Did Fussleigh take his misfortune like a man?

Mrs. Williams—Precisely. He blamed it all on his wife.—Chicago Herald.

"The book I have just finished said 'The hero drank in her beauty.'"

"However could he do that?"

"Through his eyeglasses, I guess. The minister was shaking hands with a new member of his congregation, a girl fresh from Sweden, and said, cordially: 'I would like to know

your address, so I can call on you.' "Oh," said the girl, innocently, "I haf a man."—Atlanta Journal.

"I don't hear of any large catfish or perch being caught."

"The season started too big—whales and sharks from the jump."—Pittsburg Post.

Rafferty (viewing the Grand Canyon)—How do it strike ye, Tim?

Haggerty (a contractor)—Faith, it strikes me Colonel Goethals has got nawthin' to brag about. Who dug it?

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Fortuna Gold Queen Mining Company, a corporation of the State of Utah. Location of principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the directors, held on the 23rd day of September, 1916, an assessment of one-half cent per share

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